

# CROWN

NO.  
9

## COMICS

10¢  
P. D. C.

MAY 1947



STEELE





WEB COMIC  
UNIVERSE.COM



# Minnie Soo and LITTLE HAHA

Heim  
dahl



SEE  
THIS  
LITTLE  
NOOSE? →  
IT DOES  
SOME FUNNY  
TRICKS IN THE NEXT  
ISSUE OF "CROWN"! WATCH FOR IT!

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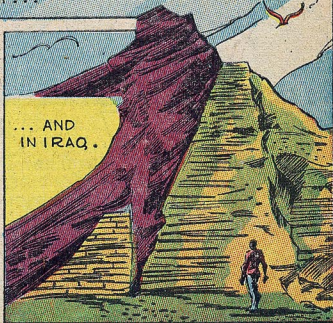
NOBLE  
STEEL

# BRYAN O'FLYNN

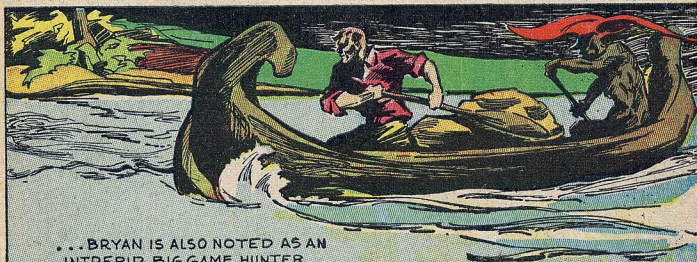


... INTRODUCING BRYAN O'FLYNN...  
AMERICAN EXPLORER, ADVENTURER  
AND ARCHEOLOGIST...

LONG FAMED IN ARCHEOLOGICAL CIRCLES  
FOR HIS EXCAVATIONS IN  
EGYPT...



... AND  
IN IRAQ.



... BRYAN IS ALSO NOTED AS AN  
INTREPID BIG GAME HUNTER  
AND EXPLORER.



.. AT HOME HE IS STILL JUST HER GREAT BIG BOY" TO HIS WIDOWED MOTHER. THE "BEST GUY IN THE WORLD" TO HIS YOUNG BROTHER PIP... SHORT FOR "PIP SQUEAK"...

HERE  
BIG SHOT,  
SPECIAL  
DELIVERY!

THANKS  
PIP-  
SQUEAK!



THE METROPOLIS MUSEUM  
WANTS ME TO CONTACT  
THEM...!



IN THE OFFICE OF THE  
CURATOR OF THE  
MUSEUM...

IT'S  
SETTLED.

THEN, YOU'LL FLY DIRECTLY  
TO YUCATAN AND BEGIN  
EXCAVATIONS.

... AND  
DIG UP ALL I  
CAN ON ANCIENT  
MAYAN CULTURE.  
GOODBYE, SIR.



GOODBYE  
MOTHER. DON'T  
WORRY. TAKE CARE  
OF MOM, PIP.

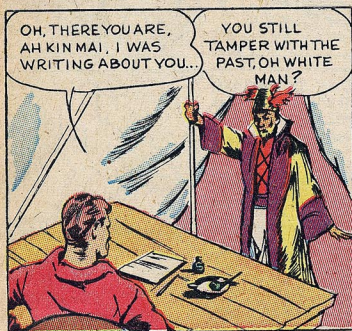
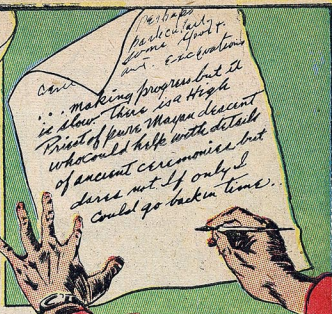
TAKE CARE  
OF YOURSELF...

BRING ME  
BACK A SKULL,  
BIG SHOT!





WE FIND BRYAN IN CHICHEN ITZA, ANCIENT SEAT OF THE MAYAN CIVILIZATION, DEEP IN THE JUNGLES OF YUCATAN.





OOOOH HELP  
WHITE MAN  
OR I PERISH!



ALL RIGHT  
OLD MAN? ANY  
BONES BROKEN?

I AM UNHURT  
THANKS TO  
YOU. YOU  
HAVE SAVED  
MY LIFE.



THERE...  
CAN YOU  
ROLL FREE?

YES...  
I CAN MOVE  
NOW.



COME. IN RETURN  
FOR WHAT YOU DID  
I WILL GIVE YOU AN  
ANCIENT SECRET  
OF MY RACE!

HERE AT  
THE RUINS OF  
THE TEMPLE?



I HAVE HERE  
A POWERFUL AND  
TERRIBLE DRUG. IT  
TRANSPORTS ITS  
USER BACK  
THROUGH TIME.

WHAT? THAT'S  
IMPOSSIBLE!



NAUGHT IS IMPOSSIBLE  
TO THE ANCIENT GODS.  
BUT IT IS DANGEROUS!

DANGER BE  
HANGED! TELL ME  
HOW TO USE IT!

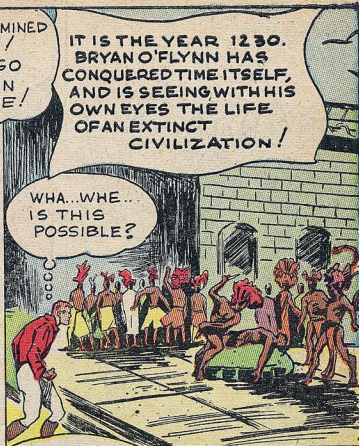






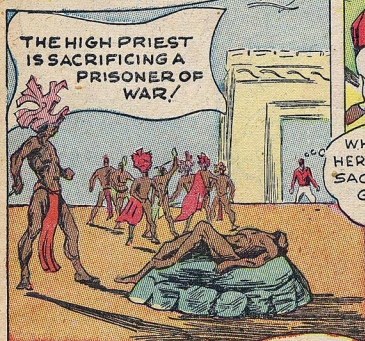
TAKE THE DRUG AS  
I TOLD YOU, BUT I WARN  
YOU IT IS NO EASY  
MATTER TO RETURN!

I AM DETERMINED  
AH KINMAI!  
I WILL GO  
BACK IN  
TIME!



IT IS THE YEAR 1230.  
BRYAN O'FLYNN HAS  
CONQUERED TIME ITSELF,  
AND IS SEEING WITH HIS  
OWN EYES THE LIFE  
OF AN EXTINCT  
CIVILIZATION!

WHA...WHE...  
IS THIS  
POSSIBLE?



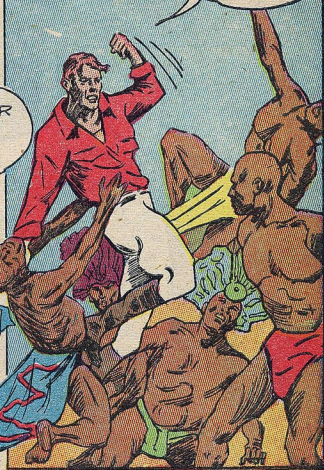
THE HIGH PRIEST  
IS SACRIFICING A  
PRISONER OF  
WAR!

WHAT GOES ON  
HERE? OH...A  
SACRIFICE TO THE  
GODS! HOW  
HORRIBLE!

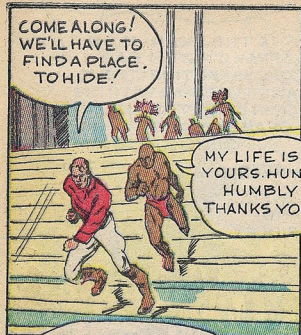
COME!  
FOLLOW ME!  
I'LL SAVE  
YOU!



HERE'S ANOTHER  
PRISONER I CAN'T  
LET THIS GO  
ON!

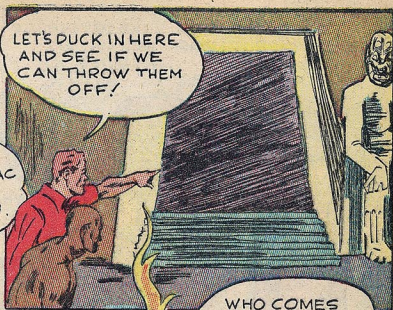






COME ALONG!  
WE'LL HAVE TO  
FIND A PLACE  
TO HIDE!

MY LIFE IS  
YOURS. HUNAC  
HUMBLY  
THANKS YOU.

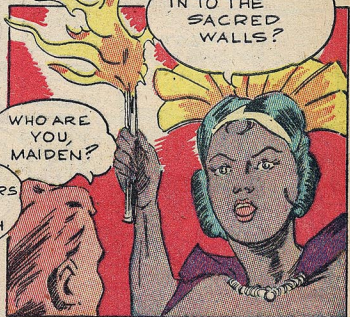


LET'S DUCK IN HERE  
AND SEE IF WE  
CAN THROW THEM  
OFF!



THIS IS ODD. I HAD  
NO IDEA THERE WERE  
PASSAGES IN THESE  
PYRAMIDS.

WE TRESPASS  
ON SACRED FLOORS  
THE TEMPLE  
MAIDENS WATCH  
HERE!



WHO COMES  
INTO THE  
SACRED  
WALLS?

WHO ARE  
YOU,  
MAIDEN?



I AM MOLA, WATCHER  
OF THE TEMPLE.  
WHAT MEANS THIS  
INTRUSION?

WE FLEE  
THE VENGEANCE  
OF THE POPULACE.  
SAVE US!



YOUR DRESS...  
YOUR SPEECH...  
YOUR SKIN...  
ARE YOU A GOD?

I AM FROM  
FUTURE  
AGES!  
SAVE US.  
I COMMAND  
YOU!





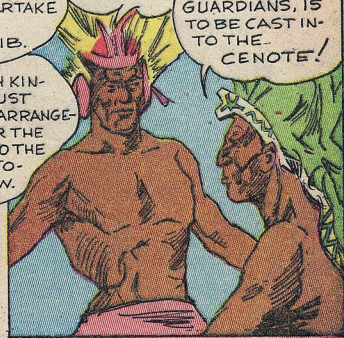
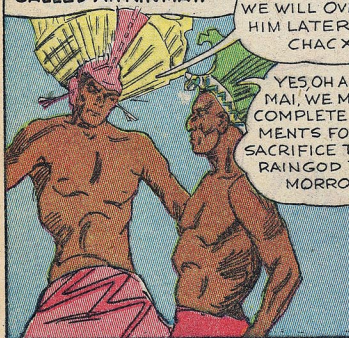
ALL MAYAN HIGH PRIESTS THROUGH THE AGES ARE CALLED AH KINMAI.

LET THE STRANGER ESCAPE NOW... WE WILL OVERTAKE HIM LATER, CHAC XIB.

YES, OH AH KINMAI, WE MUST COMPLETE ARRANGEMENTS FOR THE SACRIFICE TO THE RAIN GOD TOMORROW.

HAVE YOU CHOSEN A SUITABLE MAIDEN FOR THE SACRIFICE?

YES, OH GREAT HIGH PRIEST: MOLA, ONE OF THE TEMPLE GUARDIANS, IS TO BE CAST INTO THE CENOTE!



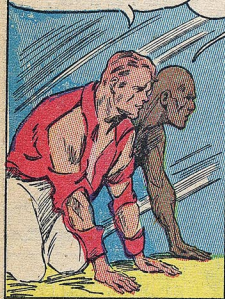


MOLA IS TO BE  
SACRIFICED HUNAC.  
WE MUST SAVE HER!

THAT WILL NOT  
BE EASY OH  
MASTER.

WE MUST PLAN  
CAREFULLY. I KNOW  
A LITTLE OF THIS  
CEREMONY, IT  
TAKES PLACE AT  
THE CENOTE,  
OR POOL,  
AND...

NEXT DAY: THE  
CENOTE POOL IS  
A SCENE OF  
SPLENDOR AS  
THE CEREMO-  
NIES TO THE  
RAIN GOD  
COMMENCE!



WHAT A MAGNIFICENT  
SPECTACLE! THERE'S  
THE RULER, KUK-  
ULCAN! TO THINK  
THAT I AM SEEING  
HIM!

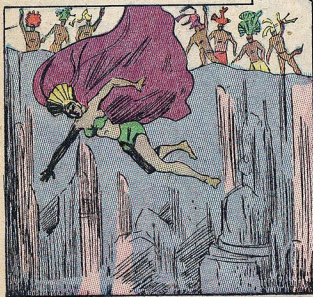
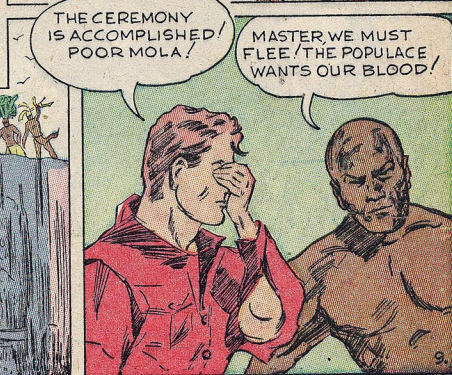
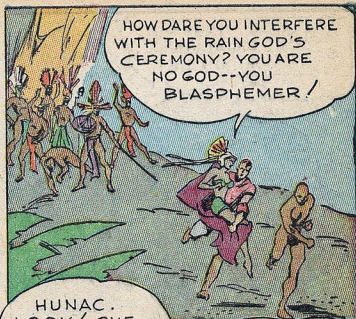
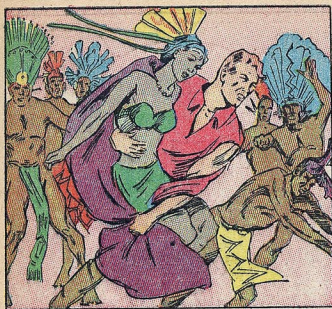


THERE'S MOLA!  
WE MUST MOVE  
QUICKLY, HUNAC!  
NOW!

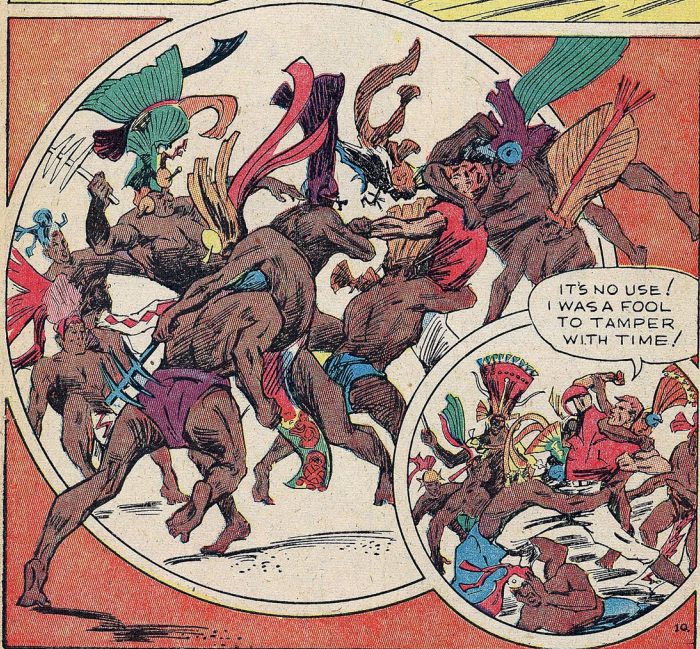
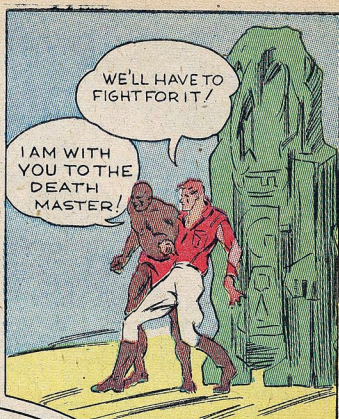


MOLA! WE'LL  
SAVE YOU!









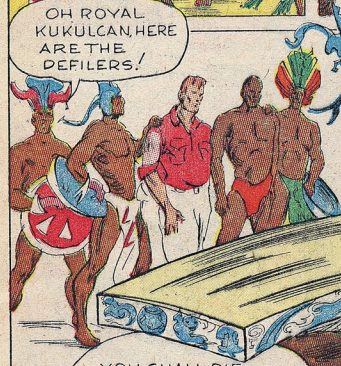




WHERE ARE  
THEY TAKING  
US?



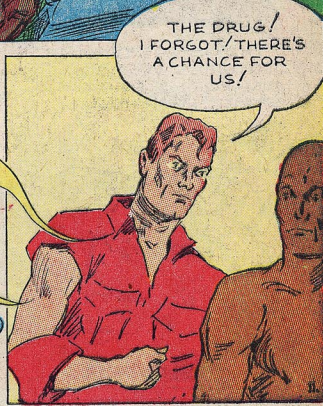
THIS... IS...  
THE TEMPLE!  
WHERE THEY  
JUDGE... THE  
PRISONERS...



OH ROYAL  
KUKULCAN, HERE  
ARE THE  
DEFILERS!



YOU SHALL DIE  
OH DOGS, AT ONCE,  
IN THIS SPOT!



THE DRUG!  
I FORGOT! THERE'S  
A CHANCE FOR  
US!

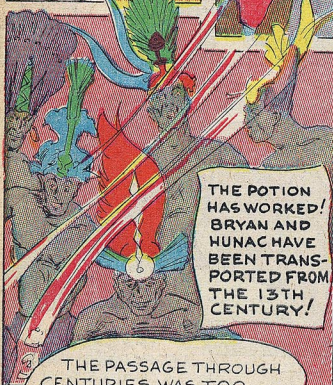
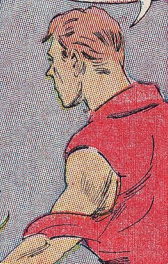
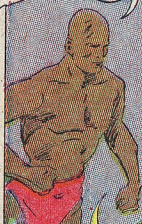


HUNAC, I HAVE HERE  
A POTENT DRUG. IF  
YOU ARE NOT AFRAID  
I WILL TRY TO TRANSPORT  
YOU WITH ME THROUGH  
TIME.

TAKE ME  
WITH YOU!

IT MAY NOT WORK.  
BUT WE'LL TRY.  
SWALLOW SOME  
AS I DO

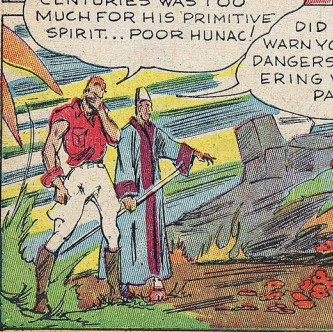
IT'S A  
DANGEROUS  
TRIP THROUGH  
TIME!  
GOOD LUCK  
HUNAC!



THE POTION  
HAS WORKED!  
BRYAN AND  
HUNAC HAVE  
BEEN TRANSPORTED  
FROM  
THE 13TH  
CENTURY!

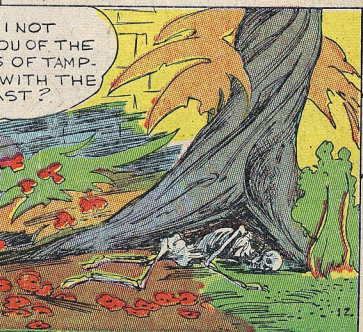


IT WORKED!  
HUNAC, WE'RE BACK  
IN THE TWENTIETH  
CENTURY. HUNAC!  
WHAT...



THE PASSAGE THROUGH  
CENTURIES WAS TOO  
MUCH FOR HIS PRIMITIVE  
SPIRIT... POOR HUNAC!

DID I NOT  
WARN YOU OF THE  
DANGERS OF TAMP-  
ERING WITH THE  
PAST?





# Buckskin

by  
BOLLE-STARR



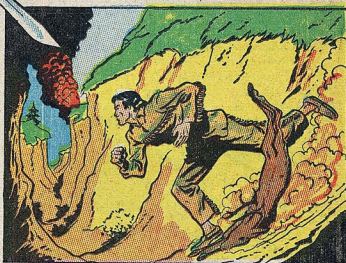
HAVING KILLED SOME GAME,  
BARTHOLOMEW STEWART SLINGS  
THE DEAD ANIMAL OVER HIS  
SHOULDER AND STARTS HOME...

BUT AS HE COMES  
WITHIN SIGHT OF HIS CABIN...

THE HOUSE IS  
ON FIRE--  
INDIANS!!



THROWING DOWN HIS GAME, HE RACES DOWNHILL...



BUT BARRING HIS PATH ---

A BEAR !!





YANKING A SHRUB OUT BY THE ROOTS HE THROWS IT IN THE BEAR'S FACE ...

I HAVEN'T TIME TO FIGHT HIM: I'LL HAVE TO TRY TO DISTRACT HIM.



BART TRIES TO RUN PAST THE BEAST BUT ...



THE BEAR CHARGES ...



IF I KEEP MY HEAD UNDER HIS JAW HE'LL NOT BE ABLE TO USE HIS TEETH ---



AGAIN AND AGAIN BART'S KNIFE FLASHES IN THE SUNLIGHT --

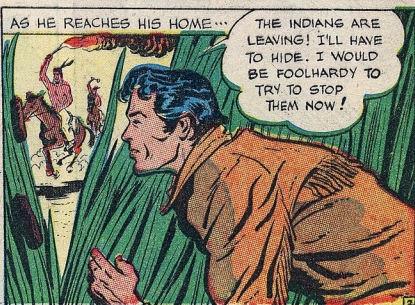


HE'S DEAD! BUT I CANNOT STOP TO REST!



AS HE REACHES HIS HOME ...

THE INDIANS ARE LEAVING! I'LL HAVE TO HIDE. I WOULD BE FOOLHARDY TO TRY TO STOP THEM NOW!







THE LEADER!  
I KNOW THAT  
INDIAN ...

... HE'S YELLOW FOX!  
I'VE SEEN HIM IN THE  
SETTLEMENT WITH THE  
RENEGADES - DRINKING  
AND SPENDING MONEY.  
I KNOW NOW WHO  
TO LOOK FOR!!

THEY'RE GONE!!  
FATHER!

GET YOUR  
MOTHER, SON.  
SHE'S --  
INSIDE ---



LOOKING FOR YELLOW FOX, BART GOES  
TO THE SETTLEMENT --

YELLOW FOX?  
I HAVEN'T SEEN  
HIM, BART --

I HAVEN'T  
EITHER!

THANK YE,  
MEN. I'LL  
FIND HIM  
SOME WAY!

NOR  
I--





**BART GOES TO PHILADELPHIA---**

PARDON ME SIR, COULD YOU TELL ME WHERE I'D FIND ADAM WEST'S SHIPPING COMPANY.

THE NEXT STREET DOWN AND TURN RIGHT.



ADAM WEST? I'M YOUR NEPHEW, BARTHOLOMEW STEWART!

BART... OF COURSE, OF COURSE. HOW DO YE HAPPEN TO BE IN PHILADELPHIA?



BART TELLS HIM OF HIS PARENTS' MASSACRE ...

--THAT'S TOO BAD, BART-- WELL, I CAN GIVE YE WORK ON THE DOCK. COME ALONG!

THANK YE, UNCLE.



MY MEN WILL HELP YE ALONG AT THE START. THEY'RE ALL FAITHFUL EMPLOYEES!

AND A SCURVY LOOKING LOT THEY ARE ...



AFTER SEVERAL WEEKS --

WELL, LAD? HOW DO YE LIKE THE WORK?

I DON'T LIKE IT. BUT I'VE NO MONEY, AND NO WHERE TO GO.



WELL, YE'LL GET USED TO IT --

GOING INTO MY UNCLE'S OFFICE! **YELLOW FOX!!**

ME KILL STEWARTS, ADAM WEST. ME COME FOR MY SHARE OF MONEY YOU GET FROM ENGLAND FOR THEM.

YE'VE LEFT THEIR SON ALIVE. YE'LL NOT GET A FARTHING FOR AN INCOMPLETE JOB...



BART ENTERS BUT DOES NOT OVERHEAR...

I'LL GET RID OF HIM FOR YE, UNCLE!

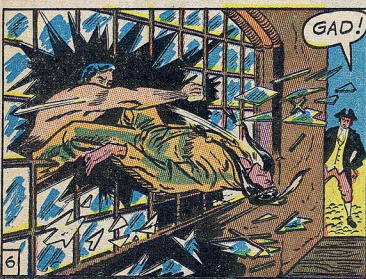
**BART! YOUNG STEWART!**



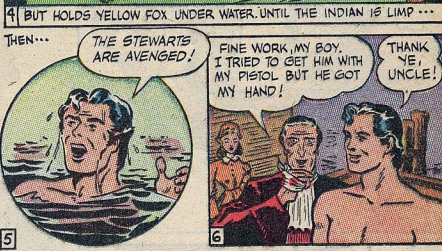
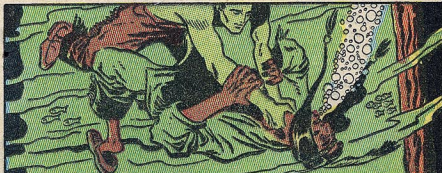
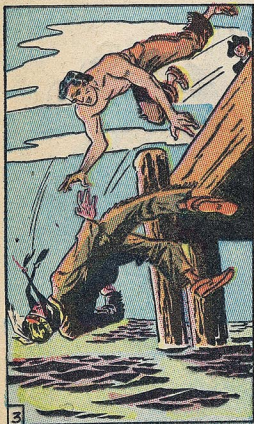




YELLOW FOX THROWS HIS KNIFE BUT BART DUCKS AND THE KNIFE HITS HIS UNCLE INSTEAD!

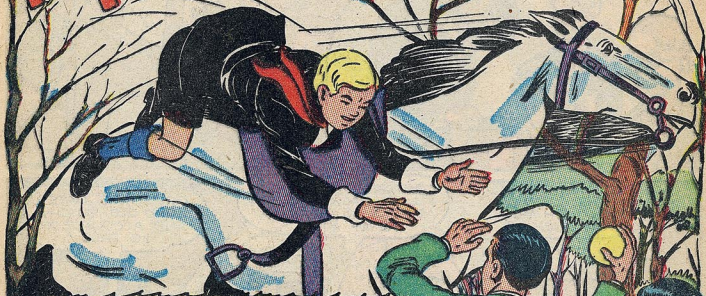








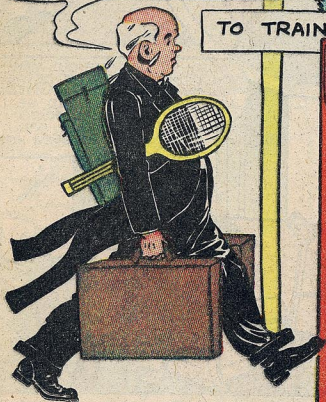
# Master Marvin



WHENEVER MASTER MARVIN GOES, THINGS BEGIN TO HAPPEN! EVEN THOUGH OUR HERO EXPECTS A VACATION FILLED WITH NOTHING BUT YAWNS, HE SOON FINDS LIFE IN A SWANK SUMMER CAMP MORE EXPLOSIVE THAN A KEG OF TNT.

ASPIRIN, LONG UNDERWEAR, COUGH SYRUP, YOUR RUBBERS... I SAY MAWSTER MARVIN, I DO HOPE I PACKED EVERYTHING YOUR MOTHER ORDERED FOR CAMP

TO TRAINS

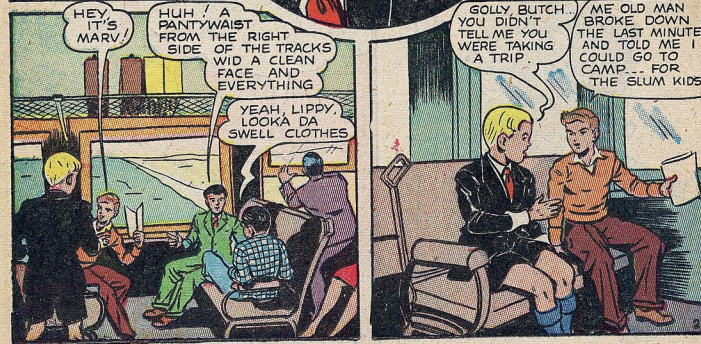
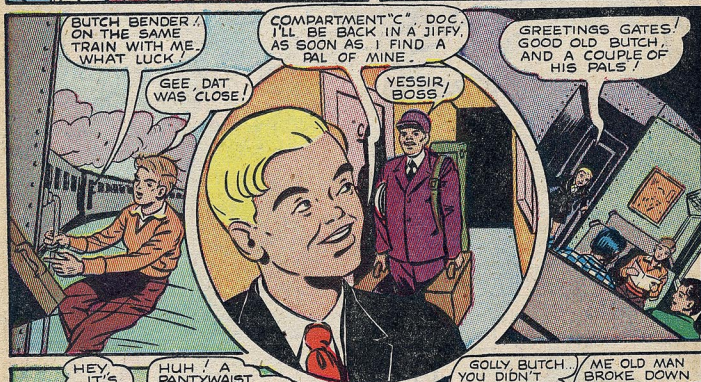
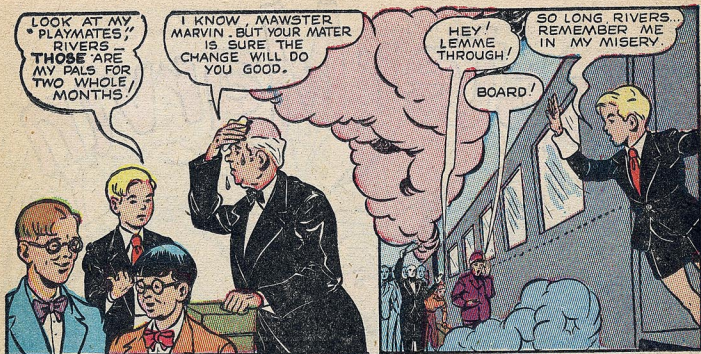


AWW! AS IF GETTING BURIED IN THIS SISSY CAMP FOR THE SUMMER ISN'T BAD ENOUGH MOM HAS TO LOAD ME UP WITH THAT JUNK

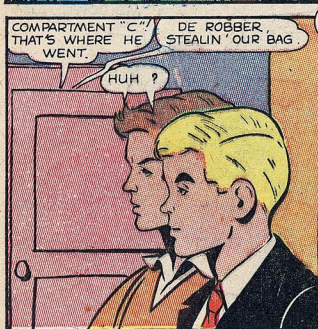
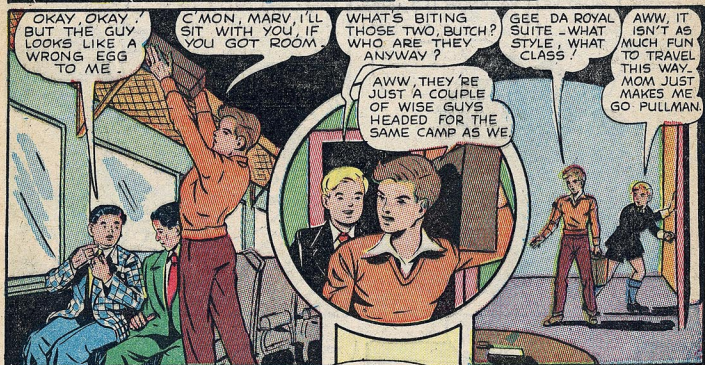
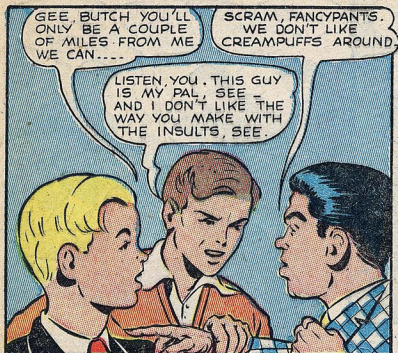
IT DOES SEEM A TRIFLE BURDENSOME UH..H...



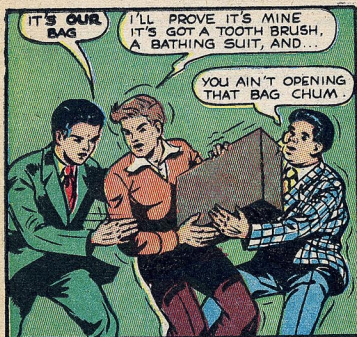




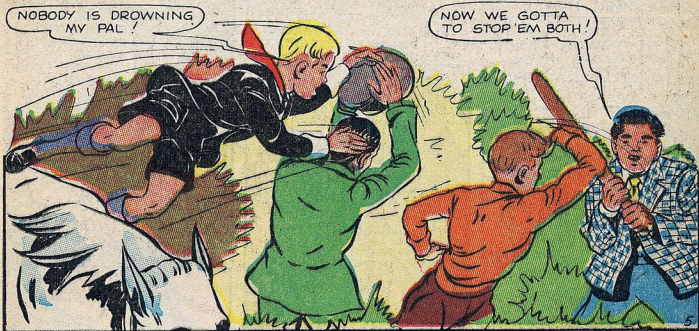
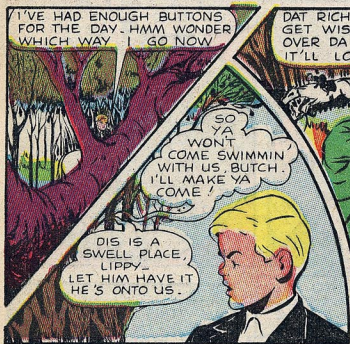




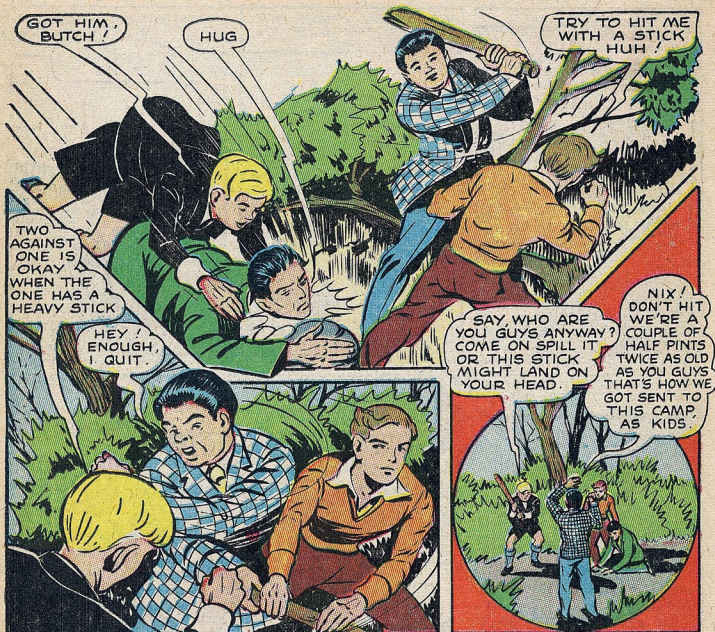














# A Mystery of the Sea

SOME sixty-odd years ago the vessel "Queen Helen" sailed from Boston en route to a port in the Dutch East Indies. From that day to this not a trace has been found of ship or crew. One of the many unexplained mysteries of the sea.

Captain Mitchell of the "Queen Helen" was a man possessed of a wild, uncontrollable temper. Perhaps no captain on the sea was so thoroughly hated and so completely feared by the crew of his ship. By the crews of all ships, for that matter. His First Mate, John Lewis, was an exact opposite. Men looked upon him as an elder brother, to whom they could take their troubles. Lewis could be depended upon to come to their defense. Even against the terrible Captain Mitchell.

As for the Second Mate—the less said the better. It was whispered that he had been an inmate of an asylum for the criminally insane. His name was Stanley Mears.

The "Queen Helen" left Boston on a hot July evening. Captain and mates included, the crew numbered thirty. These men were among the wildest and toughest on the world's far distant water-fronts.

EIGHT days out and the seas were as calm and as still as a sheet of glass. Captain Mitchell was in his cabin, making an entry in the ship's log. There came a knock on his door.

"Come in."

His voice boomed as harsh as a cannon. The door opened and Second Mate Stanley Mears entered. He carried his cap in his hand, as all men did who entered the Captain's cabin.

"A few minutes of your time, Captain?" he asked meekly.

Mitchell did not look up from his desk. "Sit down, Mr. Mears," he ordered. "But make it short."

The Second Mate selected a chair to the right of the Captain's desk.

"I'll come to the point," he said. "Like you, Captain, I'm a very direct man."

Mitchell continued to write. "Are you, Mr. Mears?" he remarked.

"Yes," said Mears, "and I feel it my duty to report that someone has made a most amazing discovery on board."

"What—for instance?"

Mears inched his chair closer to the desk. "Those boxes that mysteriously stayed on board while we were in Boston," he continued. "The ones labeled 'Hemp'—but which always seemed too heavy for hemp."

Mitchell stopped writing. He looked at the Mate. "Have you been prowling among things that do not concern you?" he asked. "If so—you know what the penalty is aboard this ship."

"No—no, Captain."

Mears was quick to come to his own defense. He wanted no part of the Captain's special "penalty."

"I was inspecting the hold," he said, "just before we sailed. Someone ripped out a corner of one of those boxes and discovered its real contents."

"And what are the real contents?" asked Mitchell.

"Ivory," was the answer.

"Ivory, Mr. Mears?"

"Contraband ivory," answered the Mate. "With my own eyes I saw it. And so did somebody else."

THE Captain turned in his chair slowly. His eyes seemed to burn right into the face of his Second Mate. For several seconds neither man spoke. Finally Mitchell picked his pipe up from his desk and started to load it with tobacco. Mears watched him closely. He expected an outburst any minute. But the outburst did not come. The Captain lighted his pipe and turned back to face the man everyone was sure was partly mad.

"Mr. Mears," he said slowly, "what you have seen could very well cost you your life. Before this only I knew what was in those boxes. Now I share this secret with you and one other person. This person is unknown, you say?"

Mears nodded. "It could have happened any time during the two weeks we were in port," he said. "Somebody used a hatchet on the corner of one of those boxes. I'm sure it's one of the crew. There are twenty-eight men to choose from."

Mitchell's face was red with anger. He puffed on his pipe furiously.

"Order the men on deck," he roared, "and we'll see who prowls this ship by night."

Mears grinned and quickly left to carry out



the order. Within a matter of minutes the crew was assembled on the deck. Captain Mitchell faced them.

"During the time we were in port," he announced, "someone among you went in the hold against my orders. This person chopped a hole in the corner of one of the boxes labeled 'Hemp.' I'm going to find him if I have to beat the brains out of every mother's son of you."

\* \* \* \* \*

**H**IS BLAZING eyes went from one face to another. They finally rested on a seaman named Flynn. The Captain motioned him forward.

"Is that sweat on your face from the sun, Flynn," he asked, "or a guilty conscience?"

"I don't know what you mean, Captain," the nervous seaman replied.

"Oh, don't you?"

Mitchell's huge fist crashed against Flynn's mouth. Spitting blood and teeth, the dazed seaman pitched onto the deck. First Mate Lewis started to help him to his feet.

"Let him be, Mr. Lewis," Mitchell ordered.

Lewis looked at his captain. His face was white and drawn, as though the blood had left it. He stepped a few paces in front of the crew. "Captain," he said, "the man you want may not even be aboard. When we were in Boston many strangers prowled along the decks. Maybe some of them got below."

"When I want your opinion, I'll ask for it," Mitchell bellowed. "Only a crew member would have any reason to prow around the hold of this ship. And I want to know who that man is."

Again his piercing eyes searched the faces of his crew.

"Pierson, come up here."

A husky seaman ambled forward. He looked at Mitchell and his eyes did not waver. This infuriated the Captain even more. He enjoyed watching his men tremble before him. But Pierson was a new member, making his first voyage on the "Queen Helen." One look at him and you knew the man feared nothing, not even the brutal Captain Mitchell.

"The answer is no, sir," he said politely. "I did not go into the hold while we were docked."

Mitchell dashed his pipe to the deck.

"Speak when you're spoken to," he roared. "Discipline is the password on this ship. And here's the way I enforce it."

\* \* \* \* \*

**A** GAIN that iron fist lashed out. It smashed against Pierson's jaw. He crashed to the deck, but, to every man's amazement, he

rolled over once and came up on one knee. Blood was trickling from the side of his mouth.

"Mitchell," he growled, "this is your last trip." With that he rushed at the Captain. Mitchell swung but missed. He had been taken completely by surprise. Pierson hammered a blow to Mitchell's jaw that spun him on his heels. At this point Second Mate Mears tried to come to his Captain's assistance. He drew a dirk from his sleeve and rushed at Pierson. The seaman ducked, picked Mears up as he would a child and flung him over the rail into the sea. A shot crashed out and Pierson fell to the deck. Mitchell had recovered his balance and brought his revolver into play. This touched off a general, though unplanned, mutiny. First Mate Lewis tried his best to prevent any more bloodshed. It was useless. The pent-up hatred of these men, who were treated no better than wild beasts, burst like the waters of a great dam. They were like men gone mad. They fought among themselves, and in the confusion Captain Mitchell managed to battle his way below. He entered his cabin and shut the door behind him. As he was entering something in the ship's log, Mate Lewis burst into the cabin. His face was torn and bleeding. Otherwise he appeared unharmed.

"Get out of here," roared Mitchell, "and try to get them under control."

"Too late," Lewis replied. "There won't be a man alive soon, and your stinking ship is on fire."

"WHAT?"

Lewis laughed. "Yes," he said, "we'll burn right to the water's edge."

\* \* \* \* \*

**M**ITCHELL tried to rush from the cabin. A mighty smash on the side of the face sent him crashing into the wall. He rushed at Lewis and they grappled like a pair of jungle cats. They tore the cabin to pieces in their wild fight, while the "Queen Helen" blazed like a torch, on her way to her grave and eternal mystery.

Mitchell and Lewis fought until both were too weak to continue. Then collapsed together. Side by side, the hated Captain and his popular First Mate were carried beneath the waters of the Great Atlantic. Not even a timber reached the surface.

All because a little boy with a hatchet discovered ivory in a box labeled "Hemp" we have this mystery of the sea, hidden beneath eternal time and the grey, green ocean waters.

THE END

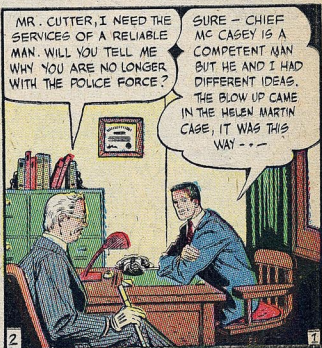


# VIC CUTTER

PRIVATE INVESTIGATOR

I HAD OPENED MY OFFICE SEVERAL MONTHS BEFORE. BUSINESS WASN'T TOO GOOD. I WAS THINKING ABOUT MONEY MATTERS WHEN MY SECRETARY LAURA AMES ENTERED...

by BOLLE-STARR





...I WAS IN THE CHIEF'S OFFICE ABOUT MIDNIGHT SEVERAL MONTHS AGO, WHEN THE PHONE RANG ...

A CAR WRECKED ON THE HIGHWAY OUT OF TOWN?  
--- WHO? ---  
HELEN MARTIN?

-- OF THE MONEY-MONEY MARTINS?

YEAH, SHE'S DEAD. COME ALONG, CUTTER.

SURE -- SOMEONE HAS TO EXPLAIN IT TO YOU.

-- WE WENT OUT TO THE SCENE OF THE ACCIDENT. IT WAS QUITE A WRECK...

HOW DOES IT LOOK, DOC?

YOU'LL NEED A SPECIAL CRANE TO GET THAT CAR OUT OF THERE.

SHE DIED AT ABOUT 11 O'CLOCK. NO SIGN OF LIQUOR.

YEAH, WELL, TAKE THE BODY TO THE MORGUE. SEARCH THE AREA, MEN. WE'LL PAY A VISIT TO THE PARENTS IN THE MORNING.

IT'S LATE AND I NEED MY SLEEP. COMING CUTTER?

NO, I THINK I'LL STICK AROUND AND LOOK THE WRECK OVER AGAIN BEFORE THE CRANE COMES!

FUNNY HOW SHE COULDN'T MAKE AN EASY TURN LIKE THAT --

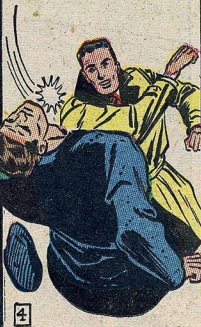
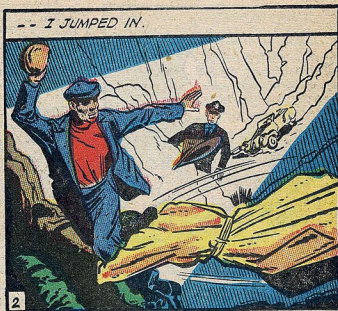
THAT'S EXACTLY WHAT I WAS THINKING.

HEY! THERE'S SOMEONE DOWN THE CLIFF.

GET THE SPOTLIGHT ON HIM.

YOU HEAD HIM OFF FROM THAT SIDE STEVE. WE'LL CUT HIM OFF.







I NOTICED SOMETHING THAT HAD  
ESCAPED US THE FIRST TIME ...

-- THE GEAR SHIFT IS  
IN LOW. SHE COULDN'T  
HAVE BEEN SPEEDING  
WHEN SHE WENT THROUGH  
THE FENCE.



1

...THE TRAMP WAS PROBABLY  
AROUND HERE AND HEARD THE  
CRASH. HE GOT TO THE WRECK,  
FOUND THE JEWELS, AND WE  
NABBED HIM BEFORE HE COULD  
GET AWAY --



2

AS THEY WERE TAKING THE WRECKED  
CAR AWAY I COMBED THE TERRAIN--

-- IF SHE WASN'T SPEEDING SHE  
COULD HAVE EASILY MADE THE TURN.  
SOMEONE ELSE MUST HAVE BEEN  
IN THE CAR WITH HER, AND SENT IT  
OVER THE CLIFF. WHAT'S THIS ??



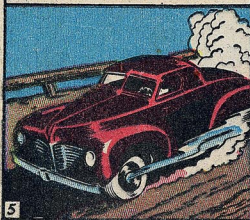
3

-- A SILVER CIGARETTE LIGHTER!  
-- UNTARNISHED ! IT CAN'T HAVE  
BEEN LYING AROUND LONG -- MUST  
HAVE BEEN THROWN CLEAR OF  
THE CAR.



4

I DECIDED TO RUN OUT TO THE  
MARTIN HOUSE. IT WAS A SHORT DRIVE



5

IT WAS LATE WHEN I GOT  
THERE. I BROKE THE NEWS  
OF THEIR DAUGHTER'S DEATH  
WITH AS MUCH TACT AS  
POSSIBLE -- --



6

-- THEN I ASKED SOME QUESTIONS --

WHERE WAS YOUR  
DAUGHTER GOING  
TONIGHT ?

...TO THE CASTLE  
CLUB TO PAY SOME  
GAMBLING DEBTS. SHE  
HAD TWENTY THOUSAND  
IN CASH.



7

TWENTY THOUSAND DOLLARS!  
DID SHE USUALLY WEAR AS  
MUCH JEWELRY ?

WHEN SHE WENT  
OUT IN THE EVENING,  
YES.



8

DID YOU EVER SEE THIS  
LIGHTER BEFORE ? IS IT  
HELEN'S ?

NO. HELEN  
DIDN'T SMOKE.

I MAY  
HAVE SEEN  
IT -- BUT  
I DON'T  
REMEMBER  
WHERE.



9

10



THE NEXT MORNING...

THIS WAS A SIMPLE CASE! THE TRAMP GOT A LIFT FROM MARTIN GIRL, SAW ALL THE JEWELRY AND KILLED HER. THEN RAN THE CAR OVER THE CLIFF!

DID HE CONFESS CHIEF?



1

NO, BUT THE BOYS ARE WORKING ON HIM!

DID YOU FIND OUT WHAT HE DID WITH THE \$20,000 SHE HAD ON HER LAST NIGHT?



2

WHAT \$20,000?

I'VE ALREADY BEEN TO THE MARTIN HOUSE. - THEY TOLD ME.



3

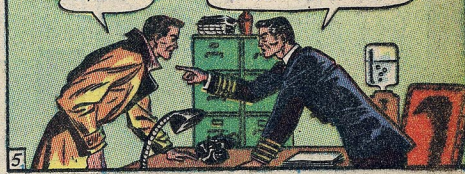
WHAT'S THE IDEA CUTTER... YOU WEREN'T SUPPOSED TO GO OUT THERE WITHOUT MY ORDER!!!



4

I LIKE TO WORK ON A CASE WHILE IT'S STILL HOT!

IF THAT'S THE WAY YOU FEEL... I WON'T LET YOU WORK ON ANY CASE FOR ME -- HOT OR COLD!



5

HANDLE IT YOURSELF THEN. HERE'S A CLUE YOU MISSED LAST NIGHT. THE CAR WAS IN LOW GEAR, SO SHE WASN'T SPEEDING... THERE MUST HAVE BEEN SOMEONE ELSE WITH HER IN THE CAR!



6

WELL THANKS, VIC! THAT PROVES MY THEORY THAT THE TRAMP WAS IN THE CAR WITH HER.

WRONG AGAIN -- WHOEVER WAS IN THE CAR WITH HER WAS A FRIEND, NOT A TRAMP. BUT FROM HERE ON IN YOU'RE ON YOUR OWN! I QUIT!!



7

-- THE CHIEF WAS PRETTY BURNED UP... HE THOUGHT I KNEW MORE-- BUT HIS PRIDE WOULDN'T LET HIM ASK ME. I WENT BACK TO THE SCENE OF THE ACCIDENT...



8

... DID I SAY ACCIDENT -- I MEANT MURDER!

I COVERED A WIDE AREA AND FINALLY FOUND WHAT I WAS LOOKING FOR...

THIS PROVES IT FOR ME. NOW I'M SURE SHE DIDN'T PICK THE TRAMP UP. HERE'S HIS CAMP.



9

5



I KNEW THE OWNER OF THE CASTLE CLUB, DICE MALONE, PRETTY WELL. I CALLED HIM AT THE CASTLE CLUB, WHICH IS JUST OUTSIDE OF THE CITY LIMITS.

MR. MALONE? -- WHERE? IN HIS APARTMENT IN TOWN -- THAT'S FINE, I WON'T HAVE TO GO OUT OF THE CITY.

1

I WENT TO HIS APARTMENT. THEY ANNOUNCED ME AND I SCOOTED RIGHT UP.

HELLO DICE.

HELLO VIC. YOU'VE MET AUDREY AND GUY, HAVEN'T YOU?

HI VIC!

2

WHAT CAN I DO FOR YOU, VIC?

LET ME HAVE SOME DOPE ON HELEN MARTIN. SHE OWED YOU MONEY, DIDN'T SHE?

3

PLENTY. I LIKED HER WELL ENOUGH TO LET IT RIDE FOR AWHILE, BUT 20 GRAND WAS TOO MUCH, SO I PRESSED HER FOR IT. SHE COULD GET IT FROM THE FAMILY ... BUT IT'S TOO LATE NOW.

SHE INTENDED TO PAY YOU BACK WHEN SHE WAS KILLED!

4

-- HE LIT HIS CIGARETTE AND PUT THE LIGHTER DOWN --

WHO? LEE BARNETT. SEND HIM RIGHT UP.

6

I LIT A CIGARETTE WITH THE SILVER LIGHTER AND PUT IT DOWN ON HIS DESK ... I WATCHED HIM -- HE PICKED IT UP!

PARDON ME A MOMENT -- THE PHONE.

5

YOU'LL HAVE TO EXCUSE ME. THIS BARNETT GUY HAS OWNED ME A LOT OF MONEY FOR A LONG TIME. HE'S FINALLY PAYING UP.

WE'LL WAIT IN THE OTHER ROOM.

7

-- IN THE OTHER ROOM WITH AUDREY.

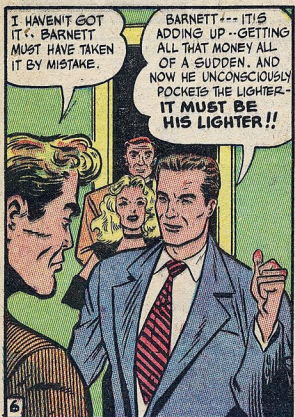
MAKE YOURSELF COMFORTABLE.

DID YOU KNOW HELEN MARTIN?

SURE -- SO DID THIS FELLOW BARNETT. SHE CAME AROUND THE CLUB WITH HIM A LOT.

8







SO YOU'RE USING  
HELEN MARTIN'S  
MONEY TO PAY  
YOUR GAMBLING  
DEBTS!

IS THIS A GAG?  
THE PAPERS  
SAID THEY  
CAUGHT A TRAMP  
WITH THE LOOT!

ONLY THE JEWELS. YOU COULDN'T  
TAKE A CHANCE ON HOT STONES.  
YOU WERE A FRIEND OF HELEN'S  
AND KNEW SHE HAD THE  
MONEY TO PAY OFF DICE AND  
WERE WITH HER IN THE CAR  
LAST NIGHT.

-- YOU KNOCKED HER OUT, TOOK  
THE CASH AND RAN THE CAR OVER  
THE CLIFF. BUT YOU WERE CARELESS  
ENOUGH TO LEAVE BEHIND THE  
LIGHTER YOU NOW HOLD IN YOUR  
HAND!



YOU HAVE NOTHING  
ON ME, COPPER!



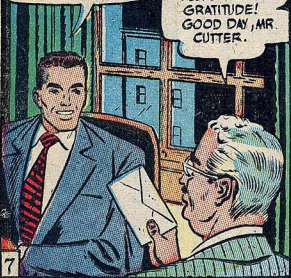
-- THE CHIEF OFFERED  
TO TAKE ME BACK, BUT I  
LIKE WORKING FOR MYSELF  
BETTER - NOW WHAT CAN I  
DO FOR YOU MR SOLAX?

I REPRESENT  
MR. MARTIN. HE  
HAS INSTRUCTED  
ME TO GIVE YOU  
THIS ENVELOPE,  
ALONG WITH HIS  
GRATITUDE!  
GOOD DAY, MR.  
CUTTER.

THE CONTENTS OF THE ENVELOPE SHOWED MR. MARTIN'S  
APPRECIATION. HE WAS VERY APPRECIATIVE -- I CALLED  
LAURA.

WE'RE IN THE CHIPS,  
COOKIE. WRITE YOURSELF A  
CHECK FOR LAST WEEK'S SALARY  
AND A NEW DRESS.

WORKING CONDITIONS  
ARE DEFINITELY  
LOOKING UP!



FOLLOW  
VIC CUTTER  
INTO NEW DANGERS  
AS HE CONTINUES HIS  
INVESTIGATION  
OF MURDER and  
CRIME!



# Minnie Soo

and

## LITTLE HAHA

YOO HOO,  
CHILDREN! RUSTLE  
UP SOMETHING  
FOR SUPPER!  
HURRY!

COME, LITTLE HAHA, WE'LL  
RACE TO THE LAKE! YOU  
CAN CARRY HOME  
THE BASS I CATCH!

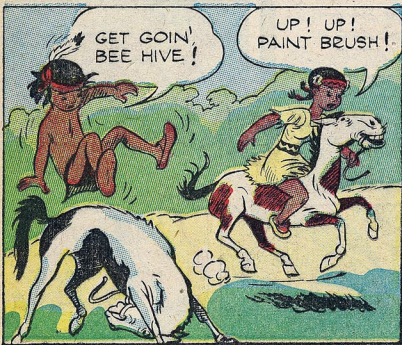


Heim  
dahl

GET GOIN',  
BEE HIVE!

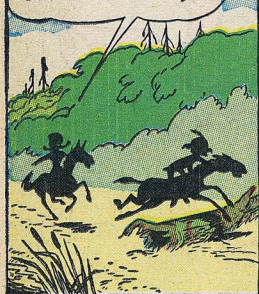
UP! UP!  
PAINT BRUSH!

YOU'LL NEVER AMOUNT  
TO MUCH WITH A POKY  
PONY LIKE YOURS!



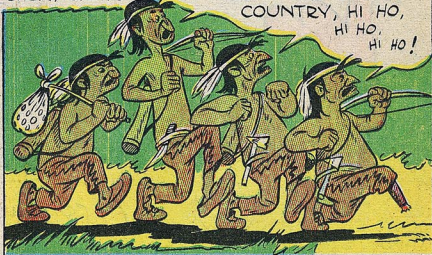


STOP! THERE'S THE  
SPOT FOR BASS!



MEANWHILE, INTO  
THE SOO COUNTRY  
STALK FOUR  
ENEMY CROWS

HI HO, HI HO, TO CATCH  
A SOO WE GO!  
FOUR BRAVES ARE WE,  
FROM THE CROW  
COUNTRY, HI HO,  
HI HO,  
HI HO!



BI DUMBLE BE DEE,  
A WARRIOR'S LIFE FOR  
ME! DE DUM DE DUM  
DE DUM. DE DEE!



SOMETHING TERRIBLE  
HAS FRIGHTENED THESE  
MIGHTY MEN OF CROW!



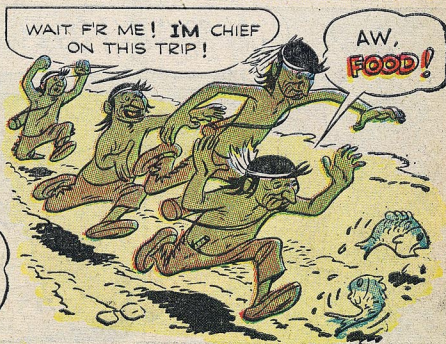
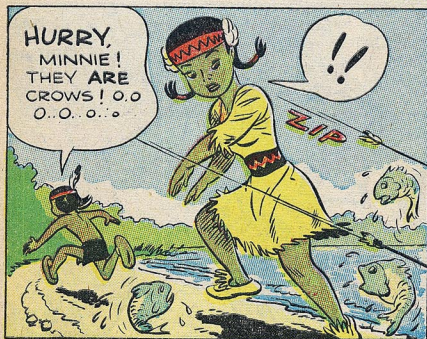
OH BROTHER,  
WHAT FUN!



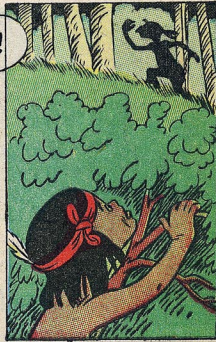
SO, THE FOUR  
CROWS ARE  
SEPARATED



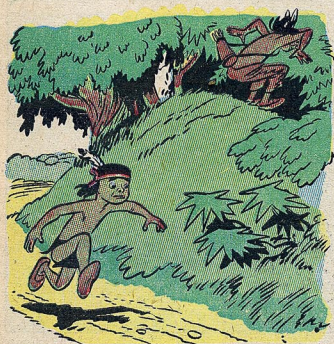
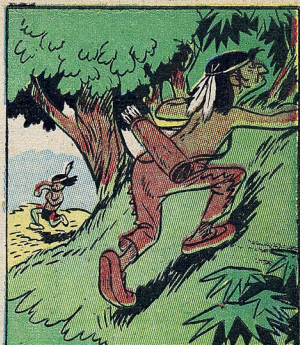








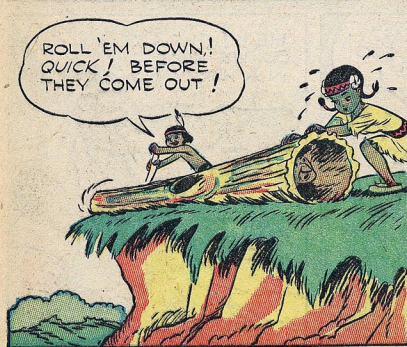




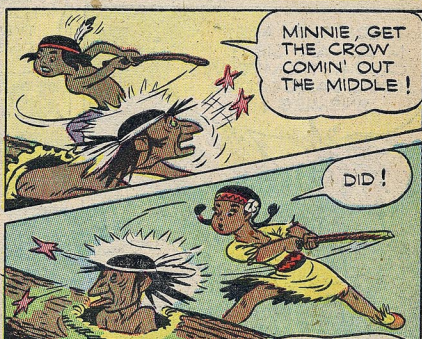




**MINNIE ESCAPES THROUGH THE HOLE IN THE LOG**









KEEP THAT SKONK  
AWAY FROM  
US !



HERE COME PAINT BRUSH  
AND BEE-HIVE !



WON'T THE KIDS AT CAMP  
ENVY 'US NOW. OH BOY !

LITTLE HAHA, ARE YOU  
SURE NO ONE WILL  
HURT THESE MEN ?  
THEY'RE SO KIND TO  
CARRY OUR BASS !



THERE THEY ARE,  
M' BOY AN' GIRL!  
CAUGHT THEMSELVES  
FOUR DANGEROUS  
ENEMIES !



MINNIE ! YOU SHOULD BE  
ASHAMED ! YOU  
INVITE COMPANY  
AND CATCH ONLY  
FOUR FISH ! FOR  
THIS, YOU AND  
LITTLE HAHA  
WILL GO STRAIGHT  
TO BED !





# LEIF The LUCKY

BY  
NOBLE  
STEELE

ERIC WESTCOTT, CRIME REPORTER  
AND HIS DOG LEIF THE LUCKY  
FIND THAT EVEN SOCIETY  
REPORTING HAS ITS  
MOMENTS...

OH C'MON, ERIC,  
BE A SPORT.

NO SOCIETY  
GARDEN PARTIES  
FOR ME  
DINAH!

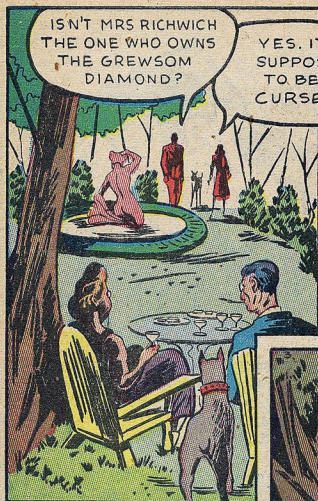
SOME BEAT  
YOU HAVE,  
DINAH

A FINE CRIME  
REPORTER I AM!  
C'MON LEIF

A LITTLE  
POLISH  
WONT HURT  
YOU.

MRS RICHWICH  
DOES HERSELF  
PROUD!





ISN'T MRS RICHWICH  
THE ONE WHO OWNS  
THE GREWSOM  
DIAMOND?

YES. IT'S  
SUPPOSED  
TO BE  
CURSED!



MEET PRINCE  
YSERKI, THE GUEST  
OF HONOR, MISS  
FIELD, AND MR  
WESTCOTT



DOWN LEIF!  
REMEMBER YOUR  
MANNERS.



CALL OFF  
YOUR DOG  
YOU FOOL!

YOURS  
STARTED IT!



LEIF  
BEHAVE YOUR-  
SELF!

I'LL GET  
YOU FOR THIS  
WESTCOTT!









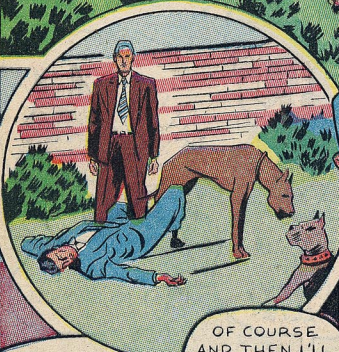




OH NO YOU  
DON'T PRINCEY!

AND NOW MAYBE  
YOU'LL EXPLAIN WHAT  
YOU ARE DOING SO  
NEAR THE WALL  
PRINCE!

I CAN  
EXPLAIN  
EVERYTHING.



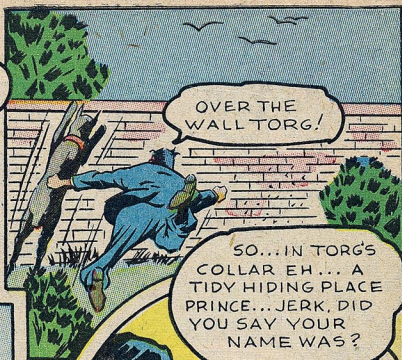
OF COURSE  
AND THEN I'LL  
SUE YOU

OF COURSE  
YOU'LL SUBMIT  
TO A ROUTINE  
SEARCHING?

HE DOESN'T  
HAVE IT!

I TOLD YOU  
I'D SUE  
I HAVE NO  
DIAMOND!







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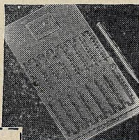
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I must be satisfied or I will return it within  
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☐ Money enclosed ☐ Send C.O.D.  
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Name.....  
Address.....  
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### THAT ACTUALLY SEWS



### A SEWING MACHINE

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I must be satisfied or I will return it within 5 days and you will refund my money.  
☐ Money enclosed ☐ Send C.O.D.  
Name.....  
Address.....  
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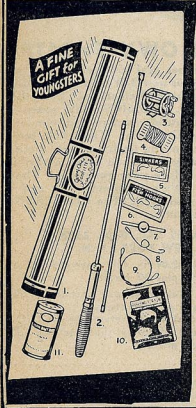
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# New 3 way COLOR COMICSCOPE

A  
Picture  
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A  
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## BE A MOVIE PRODUCER!

Oh boy! Just imagine being a big movie magnate and producing your own private shows; projecting your own pictures right on the screen in your own home. The COMICSCOPE will give you real Hollywood thrills . . . it's the wonder projector of the times. You can use photographs, comic strips, cartoons, your own drawings, films or small objects and flash them on the screen in full natural color. Amazing COMICSCOPE projects Kodachromes, photographs, comic strips, up to ten times their actual size!

## PROJECTS AND ENLARGES IN ACTUAL COLOR!

### • PHOTOGRAPHS

Recaptures treasured memories of vacations, special events, friends and family.

### • PICTURES

Favorite pictures of sports or movie stars, celebrities, etc. look big as life.

### • COMIC STRIPS

See your favorite comic characters in full-size action.

### • CARTOONS

Cartoons look funnier than ever in your COMICSCOPE!

### • SMALL OBJECTS

Flowers, stamps, coins, etc., thrillingly enlarged.

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